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THE YEARLY RECORD.

Total Number of Words Printed during 1887,  
**83,389,828.**  
Average per Day for Entire Year.  
**228,465.**

SIX YEARS COMPARED:

Year.	Words.	Lines.	Pages.
1882	8,121,157	22,331	2,331
1883	12,228,238	33,541	3,541
1884	28,169,743	77,967	8,167
1885	51,841,867	140,287	14,867
1886	70,129,041	192,128	20,128
1887	83,389,828	228,465	24,000

Sunday World's Record:

Over 200,000 Every Sunday During  
the Last Two Years.

Year.	Words.	Lines.	Pages.
1886	14,727	40,000	4,000
1887	24,054	60,000	6,000
1888	79,985	200,000	20,000
1889	168,636	400,000	40,000
1890	234,724	600,000	60,000
1891	257,267	650,000	65,000

CIRCULATION BOOKS OPEN TO ALL.

THE BEST CLUB.  
The proposition to hold a convention of  
Democratic clubs at Indianapolis, in imita-  
tion of the Republican gathering in this city,  
can do no harm, if carried out successfully,  
and might do good.

Organization is as necessary in a party as  
in an army.  
But the most effective club for the Demo-  
cratic party would be one with which it had  
knocked out the monopolies and beaten down  
the burdensome war taxes.

EXPERIMENTAL MARRIAGES.

The latest "social sensation" at Washing-  
ton combines in about equal degrees the  
ridiculousness and the essential immorality  
of a great many of the "fashionable mar-  
riages."

A silly young heiress eloped some months  
ago with a young man bearing the ap-  
propriate name of "DE GRASSE." The  
bride was locked up by her father on her  
return. After a week the young people were  
brought together to permit the girl to choose  
between her husband and her father. At the  
end of an hour's debate, she chose the former  
and vowed she "would never leave GRASSE  
again."

Now, after a few weeks' trial of matrimony,  
the young wife concludes that she doesn't  
like it—at least with "GRASSE"—and so has  
returned to her father's house. "Proce-  
dings for a divorce" are to be instituted, and  
as the family is rich the decree will no doubt  
be obtained. Then GRASSE can try again.  
Experimental marriages are denied to the  
poor. Are they not becoming too common  
as a luxury of the rich?

A MORAL BOYCOTT.

The Young Men's Christian Association of  
Pittsburg acts ill-advisedly in refusing mem-  
bership and gymnasium privileges to profes-  
sional baseball players.  
The training of ball-players is conducive  
to many of the virtues which the Association  
exists to promote. It requires that the men  
be temperate, regular in all their habits, and  
subject to discipline.

An attempt by the associations to boycott  
baseball players would hurt the organization  
more than it would the national game.  
A bigoted young man is a sorry sight.

A CLUBBER CONVICTED.

The conviction of Policeman O'Dea, of  
Brooklyn, of manslaughter in the second de-  
gree—reported in THE EVENING WORLD alone  
yesterday afternoon—ought to make the  
clubbers more careful with their sticks.  
The jury found that SUMRIS' death was  
caused by the clubbing received at the time  
of his arrest, and that this was done "with-  
out excuse, cruelty and wantonly." But in  
view, probably, of the bad reputation of the  
deceased, and of the provocation often re-  
ceived by the officers, the verdict was accom-  
panied by a strong recommendation to mercy.  
Wanton clubbing should be stopped or  
fittingly punished.

The drawn battle in the Democratic State  
Committee simply shows that politics, like  
the proverbial white man, is "mighty can-  
carrin'." The National Committee will prob-  
ably find less difficulty in exercising its right-  
ful function of filling a vacancy in the mem-  
bership.

It is all very well to make the druggists use  
distilled water in compounding medicines;  
but is the Health Department equally careful  
that none but pure drugs and liquors are  
sold.

JAY HUBBELL comes out of the little politi-  
cal blizzard in his Michigan district bearing  
a banner with the familiar device: "Get left  
again."

If the custodian of the big Post-Office  
can't keep the letters from getting lost, why

from the sidewalk in Wall street, why should  
not the police go for him? On this island, at  
least, New York ought to be as big a man as  
Uncle Sam.

The New England milk-producers—the  
farmers, not the cows—propose to organize a  
trust for mutual protection against the con-  
tractors. Nobody seems to be protecting the  
consumers—to any great extent.

If the tail end of a blizzard plays such  
pranks as this State and New England are  
now experiencing, it is easier to imagine what  
the head and bulk of the cavoring frost  
dragon must be.

CHAT ABOUT POLITICIANS.

Surrogate Ransom will make some removal  
and appointments on Feb. 1.

Local statesmen who have recently visited Albany  
say that the legislators are playing stiff games of  
poker.

Fifteen ex-Aldermen and twenty-two ex-As-  
semblymen are employed as clerks in the various  
departments.

The friends of ex-Mayor Grace have an idea that  
he will yet be the Governor of the State or United  
States Senator.

The big scheme of the Cable people to gridiron  
Manhattan Island is shortly to be presented to the  
Board of Aldermen.

Police Justice Daniel O'Reilly is not ashamed of  
having once been employed to pull the bell on a  
Third Avenue surface car.

Assemblyman Edward P. Hagan is serving his  
sixth term in the Legislature, his years of service  
being 1879, 1880, 1881, 1882, 1883 and 1884.

Assistant District Attorney James Fitzgerald was  
a clerk in a Broadway clothing store when Mar-  
tinez J. Power introduced him into politics.

Ex-Commissioner of Public Works Rollin M.  
Squire is writing a book entitled "What I Know  
About New York Politics and Politicians."

When Thomas F. Grady was asked if he intended  
to enter the Congressional fight again he replied:  
"You may say that I am studying the situation  
and looking over the field."

There were bonfires throughout the Thirtieth  
Ward last evening. The inhabitants were rejoicing  
over the appointment of William Geoghegan, the  
post, as Deputy Collector of Internal Revenue  
under Collector Giegener.

WORLDLINGS.

Mr. Blaine's house on Dupont circle, in Wash-  
ington, which is occupied by the Lettens, of Chi-  
cago, rents for \$18,000 a year.

Thus far this has been the coldest January in  
Chicago that the people can remember, the mean  
temperature for three weeks being 4 degrees above  
zero.

Although Prof. Richard A. Proctor, has written  
many articles on scientific poker, playing he told a  
Kansas City reporter the other day that he had  
never taken a hand in a game.

George V. Foreman, who is one of the leading  
citizens of Olean, N. Y., and has a fortune rated  
at \$2,000,000, was a poor school teacher in New  
Jersey when he went to the oil fields in 1863 to  
make his fortune.

It is related of a Solina, (Kan.) man that he  
walked half a mile to get his gun to kill a jack rabbit  
which he saw in a field, and found after he had  
discharged two loads at the animal that it was  
already frozen to death.

Besides being the most distinguished bull-fighter  
of the age, Masanтини is a cultivated man of great  
generosity and kindness of heart. He speaks  
Italian and French perfectly, is a successful actor,  
plays well on the piano and writes verses.

A singular accident happened to a horse that  
was standing near the plating-mill at Beaver Falls, Pa.  
The circular saw struck a knot in a board, causing  
the knot to fly like a bullet through the wall and  
into the side of the horse, where it imbedded it-  
self in the flesh and caused a painful wound.

The largest Chinese mining camp in the country  
is at Warren, Idaho, where hundreds of the cele-  
brates are at work in the mines abandoned by the  
white miners. Every year a number of them go  
back to China, with fortunes of from \$2,000 to  
\$5,000, to pass their remaining years in comfort.

PICKED UP AT WASHINGTON.

(From Life.)



A new number of the house.



Laid on the table. The speaker of the house.

Round About the Hotels.

R. W. Lord, of Boston, is stopping at the Hotel  
Dam.

Edward L. Brewster, of Chicago, is now at the  
St. James.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Tyson, who were married in  
Baltimore yesterday, arrived last night at the Albe-  
marle.

Charles Fairchild, banker of Boston, and C. P.  
Atwine, General Manager of the Louisville Rail-  
road, are among to-day's arrivals at the Victoria.

At the Grand are Lieut. John H. Wells, U. S. A.;  
Lieut. Frank W. Hamer, U. S. A.; and Wm. G.  
Reed, one of Boston's most promising young  
lawyers.

At the Otisley are F. G. Hennessy, of Philadel-  
phia, of the Red Star line of steamships, and C. W.  
Smith, of Chicago, Vice-President of the A. T.

C. B. May, of Liverpool; R. C. Livingston, well  
known to society in this city, and J. H. Hemmick  
and family have added their names to the list of ar-  
rivals at the St. James.

At the Union Square Hotel are C. O. Bryant, of  
Washington; E. E. Guenderson, of Birmingham;  
Lieut. Frank W. Hamer, of Philadelphia, and  
R. C. Leonard, of St. Louis.

The Fifth Avenue's books show the names of  
Jas. I. Fitch, of Montreal; S. B. Fitch, of Que-  
bec; W. G. Adams, of North Adams, Mass.; and  
Wm. E. McCoy, of Augusta, Ga.

Registered at the Hoffman are R. P. Hammond,  
of San Francisco, one of California's State officers;  
Geo. A. Smith, of Boston; Dr. Geo. F. Duane, of  
Concord, N. H.; G. Spooner, of Bridgeport, Conn.;  
and in Chicago Railroad, and Herman Ray, a  
Michigan wine merchant.

IN LYDIG'S WOOD.

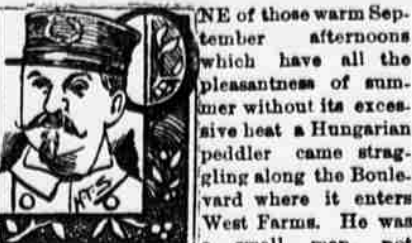
A Tragedy of Morrisania.

BY  
Police Capt. Nicholas Brooks

Of the Town Hall Station, Morrisania.

PART I.

(WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR "THE EVENING WORLD.")



ONE of those warm Sep-  
tember afternoons  
which have all the  
pleasantness of sum-  
mer without its ex-  
cessive heat a Hun-  
garian peddler came strag-  
gling along the Boul-  
vard where it enters  
West Farms. He was  
a small man, not  
more than five feet three, and slight. His  
thin, scattered beard was of a yellow-  
ish brown, and his eyes were dark. He  
was somewhat stooped and walked wearily.  
A pack pretty full of cheap things he had for  
sale, such as shirts, socks, cheap jewelry and  
a miscellaneous collection of knickknacks,  
was swung over his shoulder.

The poor old peddler was not a very at-  
tractive figure, so thin and weakly, and walk-  
ing along in that tired way, his shoes dusty  
and his clothes patched and dirty. But he  
looked so weak and wretched that he was al-  
most an object of pity.

He walked on some rods and went into a  
country store. After a few moments he came  
out with a brown paper bag and a piece of  
cheese in his hand.

There was a bench at one side of the store  
door and the peddler went over to it, and  
drew out a small cracker and began to eat  
it, breaking off bits of the cracker to season  
his humble meal. He was hungry and tired,  
and although the lunch was not a very savory  
one, he evidently enjoyed it. He had come  
from somewhere down in New York to sell  
his cheap goods to the country folk.

While he sat there with one thin leg  
crossed over the other and his hand lay  
moving slowly over the dry crackers which  
he was chewing a trio came along the same  
road which the peddler had traversed. The  
new-comers were three negroes, two of them  
of the most common, vulgar type, jet black  
and coarse, while the third was lighter col-  
ored. One of the black ones was a huge,  
muscular fellow.

They spied the peddler, and, exchanging a  
few words together they moved across the  
road to where he sat, with his pack thrown on  
the bench by his side, discussing the crackers  
and cheese.

"They seemed to be acquainted with one  
another, for the peddler nodded and moved  
his pack, putting it under the bench so that  
the negroes could sit down. They seated  
themselves on the wooden bench and the  
peddler offered them some of his crackers  
and cheese. He had not much with which to  
be hospitable, but the poor fellow gave them  
the best he had.

They all helped themselves to the fare, the  
big black fellow seeming to have the best  
appetite. He helped himself two or three  
times to the crackers and the four of them  
soon emptied the bag.

They sat talking together for some mo-  
ments and then they all rose, the peddler  
swung his pack over his shoulder and he and  
the three negroes started up the road, the  
light-colored one and the smaller black one  
walking at his right and the big fellow at his  
left. They walked along in a leisurely way,  
the peddler showing the least vigor of the  
three. He dragged his legs along in a tired  
way and occasionally gave a hitch to his  
pack as if to get it into an easier position.

They disappeared along the lane leading to  
Lydig's Wood, which is a large wood about  
half a mile above West Farms, which lies near  
the Bronx at about two and a half miles from  
the police station of that precinct.

This was on Thursday afternoon. An old  
negro had charge of Lydig's Wood, and used  
to gather brush and old broken branches in  
it, and use them for firewood. The next  
Saturday he was roving around through the  
wood picking up these stray bits of firewood  
when he came upon a shocking sight.

About two hundred yards from the road,  
in a little cleared space in the wood, lay the  
poor peddler, dead, his skull crushed in by a  
heavy rock! His pack was half empty and no  
money or valuables were found on his person.

On his way back the negro saw a large rock  
with blood stains on it. After hurrying the  
stone to the peddler, where he had fallen,  
probably, for the side of his head was  
smashed in, the murderer had cast the stone  
away, taking no further trouble to conceal it.

A despatch was sent out from Headquarters  
giving a description of the three negroes and  
ordering their arrest for the murder of the  
peddler in Lydig's Wood. One of the ne-  
groes had a blue eye.

The dead man was taken to the station-  
house. On his back, near the neck, was a  
bruise as if he had been struck by something  
heavy. The poor wretch presented an  
awful spectacle. His skull was all crushed  
by the rock, and his thin face and bony  
hands were contracted with pain.

Inquiry was at once instituted along the  
Boulevard and at West Farms and through the  
entire neighborhood, to learn if anything had  
been seen or heard of the three negroes. Sev-  
eral persons had seen the four together at West  
Farms, but for two or three days no news  
was learned of them after they disappeared  
up the lane into Lydig's Wood.

On the third day a boy was found at Hunt's  
Point, three miles from the murder, who said  
that on Thursday afternoon, pretty late, he  
had seen two negroes walking along the  
Boulevard, and that they had stopped and  
torn up some paper and then gone on. In his  
curiosity he had gathered up the pieces after  
they got out of sight.

Moreover, near these torn bits of paper,  
which averaged about an inch in length,  
he had found a scrap of paper with some-  
thing written on it. This was not torn.  
It was a square piece of unruled paper,  
folded, and the corners rubbed round, and  
pretty dirty on the outside, as if it had been  
carried around in somebody's pocket.

The pieces of paper and the soiled untorn  
piece were taken from the boy and brought  
to the station-house. Capt. Hodges put  
them carefully together, putting them on a

piece of clean glass with the written side  
down. When the glass was turned around  
he managed to decipher the writing.

It was a certificate of membership in some  
society, and showed that Abraham Walsburg  
had been admitted to it some three years be-  
fore on paying the admission fee of \$15.  
Walsburg was the unfortunate peddler who  
had been murdered in Lydig's Wood. He  
had been in the habit of carrying the certi-  
ficate around with him in a greasy old pocket-  
book, so that if any accident happened to him  
application for relief could be made to the  
society in his behalf.

The other paper was a prescription written  
in Latin, as physicians' prescriptions usually  
are. What it was and for what sickness it  
was hard to tell. The paper was a blank  
sheet about the size of a quarter sheet of note  
paper. It had no head-line to show by what  
druggist it had been put up, nor was it  
signed by any name. The writing was in  
green ink and in one corner was a date in  
black ink. Whether this belonged to the  
peddler or to one of the negroes it was hard  
to say. But the fact that it was found folded  
lying among the torn bits of paper was some-  
ground for believing that it belonged to the  
big negro and that he had pulled it from his  
pocket with the other papers and had not  
noticed it fall. Some of the torn fragments  
were lying on it, but none under it, for the  
boy said he looked to see if there were any.

As the peddler and the three negroes all  
belonged clearly to the poorer class there  
was a possibility that this prescription had  
been sent from one of the hospitals or free  
dispensaries. They were all visited, but  
none of their officials could recall the pre-  
scription, and they did not believe it came  
from a public institution.

"The handwriting is German," said the  
man at the New York Hospital, "and I fancy  
that the prescription was given out by some  
apothecary, perhaps to a friend."

When asked for what disease the prescrip-  
tion had probably been given, I learned that  
it was a contagious one to which sailors are  
subject.

In the mean time arrests were constantly  
being made of negroes who fell under suspi-  
cion. The description of them which had  
been given to the Police Department and sent  
out with the general order to arrest the  
murderers to the several precincts was a very  
incorrect one. It is more difficult to describe  
a common negro so that he can be recognized  
than it is a white man, as they have so many  
points in which they all agree. Hence, in the  
excitement of the case, and with a wrong  
description, many were arrested who had to  
be released, as there was no evidence against  
them.

If this prescription could be traced to the  
man who had it from the druggist, it would  
be a good clue to the murderer, if the sus-  
position was correct that it belonged to him  
and not to the peddler.

THE STRUGGLE FOR BREAD.

GIRLS WHO MAKE ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS  
FOR THIRTY CENTS A GROSS.

The Manufacturer Says that He Cannot Pay  
More Because Foreign Goods Would  
Drive Him Out of Business—Supporting a  
Family on \$2.50 a Week—A Little Girl's  
Uncomplaining Struggle.

It falls to the lot of but few of the people  
who are in good circumstances to observe  
life as it really exists among the poor of New  
York, and especially among the poor who are  
able and willing to toil but cannot find em-  
ployment.

An EVENING WORLD reporter, in the course  
of his rounds in search of facts concerning  
the work, wages and manner of living of the  
poor working girls and women of this city,  
inquired into the condition of the girls en-  
gaged in the manufacture of artificial flowers.

There are eighty-eight firms in all in this  
city engaged in making artificial flowers, and  
there are as many importers in the trade.  
Nearly all the manufacturers are situated in  
the neighborhood of Bleeker street and  
Broadway, with a few scattered ones in the  
Bowery and Houston street.

About fifteen hundred young girls are em-  
ployed in these establishments, at an average  
wage each of \$2.50 for a week's toil, or fifty-  
four hours. Nine hours' labor a day is re-  
quired of each worker.

In some of the manufacturing estab-  
lishments receive from \$3 to \$5 a week each,  
according to the length of time that they have  
been employed and the skill that they pos-  
sess. In other places the girls are poorly  
paid for long and weary hours of toil, and  
their health is destroyed before they reach  
the period of womanhood.

In one of the lettered avenues on the east  
side, where the poor are closely huddled in  
narrow rooms, and families of five, six, seven  
and even eight persons live in three and four  
rooms, the reporter found a poor man and his  
family, consisting of the wife and five chil-  
dren. The children were all very young,  
with the exception of a small boy, who was  
rather a little fellow, did not indicate that she  
was in her fifteenth year—the age given by  
her parents.

The mother bore in her arms an infant  
only a few months old. The three small  
rooms occupied by the family were plainly  
and scantily furnished, but were neat and  
tidy, showing evidence of the handiwork of  
the housewife throughout. A fire  
burned brightly in a small range—the only  
means of heating the rooms. A keen and  
nipping air prevailed outside, and the tem-  
perature in the simple abode was not up to  
the standard usually found in the dwellings of  
citizens of good incomes.

The father of this interesting family is a  
man of the skill of a craftsman. He came origi-  
nally from Germany. He has been in this country  
for a few years, and in that time he has  
learned to speak the English language plainly  
enough to be easily understood by his wife,  
children and those in flesh, and he bears on  
his rather pale face the lines of care and  
anxiety and hard work.

As the reporter entered he saw in the larger  
room the youngest of the young girl who  
mentioned. She was seated at a table, bend-  
ing over a lot of four little pieces of artificial  
flower leaves, a lot of green-tinted tissue-paper,  
and small strips of blue and white tissue-  
tubes, such as are used to insert in the centre  
of the leaves, and a quantity of very thin,  
needle-like wires, each about an inch and a  
half long.

Taking one of the wires between the thumb  
and forefinger of the left hand and three of  
the tubes of the right hand, the little  
worker deftly rolled around the tubes, and  
then she took a needle and sewed the ap-  
pearance of a bunch of three little leaves  
with a green stem. This, she said, was "put-  
ting them in three."

"I make three cents a gross for the three,"  
she remarked, "four cents a gross for two  
and three cents a gross for singles, and put-  
ting in the tubing and putting them."

"How much can you make a week?" asked  
the reporter.

"I can make regular wages—\$3.50 a week.  
This is my third year. The first year I got  
\$1.50 a week, and the second year \$2.50. My boss  
has promised me a little more next year—  
about \$3.75 I guess it will be."

"We have got to take work home, and I  
can't make more than that way at place as  
this. Last night I made 12 cents by making three  
gross of lilacs, but worked from 6.30 until 9  
o'clock in the morning. I get very tired  
sometimes, but you should know that pa is  
not at work and has been for three weeks.  
He got laid off, and does not know when he  
will get work again. So I must earn enough  
to get bread for us all."

"Does the father hit his wife, and remarked:  
"Yes, poor child, she works harder than I  
want her to, and I won't stand it a moment  
after I get a job. I am too poor just now to  
stop her. I allowed her to get bread even  
under the impression that she could earn  
\$6 or \$7 a week in a year or two, but she  
will never reach those figures."

"I have had a hard time to get bread even  
this winter, and I am almost wild at seeing  
my family actually want for necessities and  
to think that I cannot get work."

The little totler here spoke up and said:  
"I get awful tired and sleepy when I work,  
but then you should understand that on me  
depends our food at present and I must work  
until pa gets a job. It always takes me an  
hour to get home from the shop in the even-  
ing, and my car-fare amounts to 60 cents a  
week, which I have to pay out of my small  
wages."

"I used to work in a place in Bleeker  
street where I could get only 15 cents a day  
for ten hours' work. I made 98 cents extra  
last week by working six and eight hours  
each night."

"I boss says that he can't pay more be-  
cause foreign-made flowers can be brought  
here cheaper than we can make them."

"The pretty little totler continued her work  
and when she had finished a gross of the com-  
plete story of hardship and toil, the reporter  
went out into the street with the thought  
that the poor totler, with her little hands,  
has hard lines, and if an industry depends  
on its property at the cost of the health and  
lives of those who from force of circum-  
stances have to labor in it, it had better go  
to the wall."

THE BLIND MAN'S COLOR.

(From the Pittsburgh Chronicle.)

"What is the blind man's favorite color?" asked  
Mr. manager of his wife.

"I should think a blind man wouldn't have any  
favorite color."

"Oh, but he has."

"Green. You notice the Venetian blinds and  
see if I am not right."

How They Pay in France.

(From Judge.)

A young man to the object of his affection:  
"I love you and wish to marry you, mademoi-  
selle."

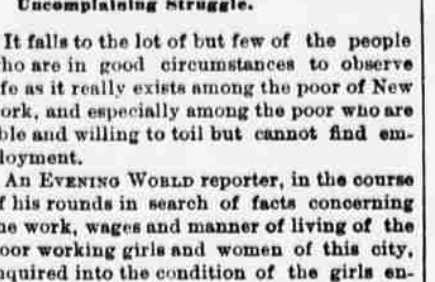
"Have you spoken to my parents?"

"Yes, and they have given me your consent."

THE CHURCH OF ST. JOSEPH.

History of the Third Oldest Parish in the  
City and a Sketch of Its Pastors.

St. Joseph's Parish is the third oldest in  
New York City. Originally it included the  
present parish of St. Alphonsus Liguori, St.  
Anthony of Padua, St. Bernard, and St.  
John the Evangelist.



ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH.

Francis Xavier, which have been lopped off  
from time to time as the population of the  
original territory increased with the city's  
growth.